

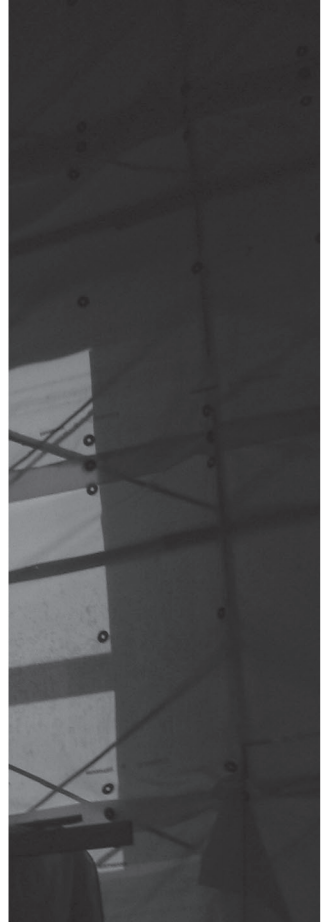
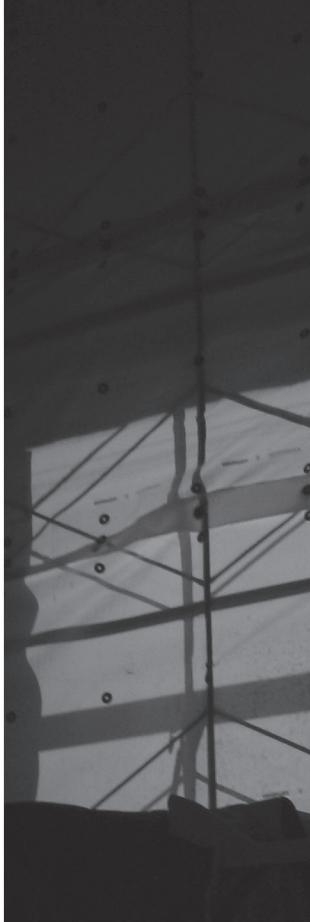
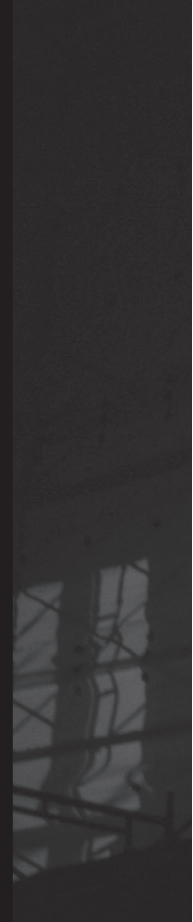
WBOR Presents:

// April

# Flip Your Shit



BOWDOIN'S NEW MUSIC ZINE



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I would like to use this valuable space to announce to you, our loyal readers (my mom, sister, and my best buddy back home), that *Flip Your Shit* is trying to make a conscious effort in this and future issues to expand our scope beyond the comfortable confines of music to include as much of the Bowdoin/Brunswick arts scene as is possible to print. Granted, I work for WBOR, they pay the bills (at least for now), and of course I love music, so the vast majority of our content has and will continue to focus on music in all of its myriad mutations. Yes, even jazz...if somebody else wants to write about it.

If you scan this page, you should notice the artistic contributors section we have included in the Table of Contents. Due to my unfortunate completion of my graduation requirements, I will be leaving the school at the end of the semester. Next year, with our newly revitalized staff, we (and you!) will have plenty to write about in the near future.

For now, check out the great artwork, the articles from the new staff writers and my one contribution to this issue: a stupid fucking octopus drawn by my pops. In the omniscient words of the Beatles, "It's [the zine, in this particular instance] getting better all the time." Then again, those were the same dudes who said: "you can syndicate any boat you row." Maybe next month.

Bitterly yours,  
Senior Editor Cory Hiar

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## THE DELICATE ART OF DRIVING

Elaine Johanson

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There are few things more joyous to me than driving at night with all the windows open while listening to good music and engaging in extreme karaoke. As a rule, my favorite artists/bands for driving have been Nick Drake and Led Zeppelin, especially since I drive a Volkswagen and am willing to layer on the rose colored glasses for pink moons.

However, life changes, and since transplanting from Maine to NYC, my taste in driving music has altered for my new surroundings. Nick Drake does not sing quite so sweetly to buildings as he does to trees, nor does Led Zeppelin's 'Rain Song' sound as soothing when your car is being splashed on all sides and the light ahead is looking mighty red.

So, what is there to listen to when searching for a parking spot down one way streets? What is enjoyable even with the windows rolled up since the city smells like armpit? What will help fuel your inner reserves of fierce so that taxi drivers do not cut you off with such unseemly gusto?

First to fill this void has been the *Gotan Project's* 'La Revancha del Tango', a delicious Argentinian import full of intense tango beats (gotan, scrambled). This group manages to be true to both classic tango and the current thirst for modern lounge music. The only problem is that listening to it makes me want to leap from the car and dance on the sidewalks. Not smart in traffic.

There is also the kitschy, ever-changing delight of *Pink Martini*, whose ballroom beats and dabbles into French, Italian, and Japanese make their latest album, 'Hang on Little Tomato' thoroughly city-worthy. Though the lyrics are less than deep ('I wish a falling star could fall forever/ And sparkle through the clouds and stormy weather'), the versatility of the

group saves the album whenever a single song reeks too much of cute. And NYC can always do with a little more cheer.

For something a little more North American, there is the bizarre song compilation 'Glee' by Canadian group *Bran Van 3000*. The album listens more like a film soundtrack than a single band, not surprising, since it was directed by film/video man James Di Salvio. There's a little bit of everything in this album: reggae, hip-hop, country, folk. It's weird, but addicting, and the variety adds spice to gray city blocks.

Finally, there are the uber-fantastic French lounge compilations by the DJ at Paris' *Hotel Costes*. Like Bran Van's 'Glee', the songs in *Hotel Costes'* many collections are artfully melded together so each album runs as a whole. My favorite Hotel Costes compilation is the third, 'Etagé 3', due to the gorgeously altered version of Shirley Bassey's 'Love Story'. Ultimately, I find all the albums spicy, sensual, and very swank.

However, in the delicate art of choosing music to drive to, what is red to one person is puce to another. In choosing a CD to pop into your own dash, ask yourself, 'Is this good for sunset vistas? For cutting off the slowpoke in the left lane? Will the beats match my blinker?' And there will be no need for answers. The right music will hit you, and then you'll hit the road.





Emily Johnson

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## OUR DARKEST HOUR

Andy Fisher

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Brothers and Sisters of Radio Land, we face a grave threat that swells within our very ranks. We have been lead to believe that we are completely safe, that our airwaves are free of taint. We have been lulled into a false sense of security. This is “Their” plan, this is exactly what “They” want. This “They” that I speak of is the darkness that has been growing from within, taking over our media, twisting the noble inventions of man to their own twisted purposes. Yes, good citizens I call on you to stand alert and vigilant. I call on you to root out this dark plague wherever you see it!

I think we all know by now the scourge that I speak of. It is insidious, disarming, yet horribly threatening. It is the Scourge EMO! I do not speak of this movement lightly. Too long have they been allowed to swell their dark ranks within our noble community. This is why I write to you, dear reader. I am here to shed righteous light on their depraved army. I am here to give you the knowledge you need to fight the onslaught of darkness. I will tell you what you need to know in order to identify The Emo amongst you, and yes, dear reader, eradicate them from your presence.

The first step is to identify The Emo. You will know Emo by its appearance. Their fingers will be twisted and gnarled from constant blogging. Their ears will be flat and recessed from the constant application of headphones. Their skin is pale because they spend their time indoors on the internet downloading their obscure, depressing, and highly dangerous music from illicit “Peer-2-Peer” networks. Their breath is acrid and their teeth stained from the staggering volume of dark coffee they consume. They do not have reflections in mirrors or water, much like their more sinister counterparts, vampires, and Goth kids.

They will speak openly of their loneliness and sorrow that can only be consoled by their dark and morose music, however this is merely a conduit for their propaganda of depression intended to subvert us good citizens. Their eyes will be bloodshot and twitchy from late night postings to internet discussion sites and the blogs of their fellow Emo. They gain new recruits by spreading their false teachings in this way. However, the most telling features of any Emo will be their rectangular glasses with thick rims and rounded corners, their thrift store clothing, and their unkempt hair (for how could they have time to maintain their appearance when they are busy spreading their ethos to the impressionable citizenry).

So now that you are able to identify Emo in your midst, the question is begged, what should one do if they find themselves confronted with one of these people? The simple answer is very little. The best choice is to flee and immediately inform the local authorities, who are much better equipped than the average citizen to deal with this scenario. Remember, every Emo knows how to wield dark magic. They can summon evil spirits of such darkness as Ben Gibbard or Conor Oberst to smite you to your very soul. Their black magic is very powerful and if you are not careful, after a few minutes in their clutches you will find your soul as twisted and black as theirs. However, dear reader, there are certain things that can be done to protect yourself. Carry philosophy books with you- this will provide an instant distraction to any Emo. They are easily drawn in to intellectual debate on any esoteric subject, perhaps furnishing you with enough time to escape. Perhaps the best repellent against Emo is auditory. Portable speakers connected to an iPod can be one of the most potent protective auras against the Darkness as long as the

proper auditory message is playing. If you, by sheer necessity, must walk through heavily Emo areas (such as certain parts of Manhattan, select areas of nearly any college campus, even some high schools) you can shield yourself by playing The Flaming Lips,

Junior Senior, or They Might Be Giants, which will act in much the same way as holy water on vampires. Remember dear reader, there is darkness all about you. You must shield yourself against it!

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Kerry O'Connor



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## Suggested Listening

Even Wheeler

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### Past//2004:

#### The Comas - Conductor



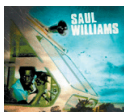
Shoegazer meets synth-rock on this Chapel Hill trio's latest. Singer Andy Herod wrote *Conductor* after breaking up with Dawson's Creek's Michelle Williams. Unable to put the songs in order, Herod gave them to animator Brent Bonacorso who created film using CGI, traditional

animation, and live footage of Herod and

Williams. The DVD, banked by Warner Bros, came at no extra cost and is a perfectly trippy companion to the album.

Download: Tonight on the WB

#### Saul Williams - Saul Williams



Poet cum spoken word artist Saul Williams takes on hip hop with biting commentary on the state of the genre and social empowerment. Incredible production (one song samples Bad Brains!) from the likes of Zach de la Rocha, System of a Down's Serj Tankian, and DJ Krush on some tracks.

Download: List of Demand (Reparations)

#### Lali Puna - Faking the Books



Stunning electro-rock from Germany's Lali Puna, one of the female-fronted Notwist side projects. More rocking than Notwist or Ms. John Soda, and even better than their *Tridecoder*.

Download: Micronomic

#### The Foreign Exchange - Connected



North Carolina rapper Phonte (aka Little Brother) teams up with Dutch producer Nikolay in a Postal Service-style collaboration. Phonte's tight Southern rap kin to Outkast is just as meticulously constructed as Nikolay's beats, which bring subtle Euro club rhythms to hip hop, perhaps for the first time (or at least the first time it works).

Download: Raw Life

#### Kopernik - Kopernik



Ominous and beautiful instrumental debut from this Georgia duo. Backwards instruments, standup bass, strings, and ambient synths flesh out this dramatic and compelling album.

Download: Man, Myth and Magic

#### Meanwhile Back in Communist Russia - My Elixer, My Poison



Creepy ambient keyboards, bells, guitars, etc. are the complementary backdrop for singer Emily Gray's "monologues" on this experimental Oxford, England sextet's second album.

Download: Chinese Lantern

### Future//2005:

#### Of Montreal - The Sunlandic Twins (April 11)

Elephant 6 alum Kevin Barnes continues in the vein of 'Disconnect the Dots' and 'Rapture Rapes the Muses' from 2004's *Satanic Panic in the Attic*, mixing even more of the 80's into his psychedelic pop blend. Barnes continues to expand his unique songwriting style, without losing his reverence to The Beach Boys. *Twins* is obviously aimed at the current dance rock tide, but maintains artistic integrity by not putting disco beats on every track.

Download: So Begins Our Alabee (theres a video of it too)

#### Four Tet - Everything Ecstatic (May 23)

More twisted loops and samples from British laptop master Kieran Hebdon. Driving, complex, and damn funky, *Everything Ecstatic* is a more cohesive and melodic construction than his past compositions (with less filler), and retains the flowing improvisations of dual laptop live shows.

Download: Smile Around the Face

#### The Evens - The Evens (April 7)

Minor Threat and Fugazi's Ian MacKaye drafts drummer Amy Farina to produce an album of smart, minimal rock. Folks hoping for the energetic intensity of Fugazi be warned this album draws more from the poppier side of rock than the ferocity of punk. Math-rockish guitar work alongside badass drumming (plus the occasional piano and effect pedal) and dueling male/female vocals should silence comparisons to the White Stripes.

Download: Around the Corner

#### Caribou - The Milk of Human Kindness (April 18)

Dan Snaith, formerly Manitoba, produces his first album as Caribou. On *Milk*, Snaith's dream-pop vocals are more pronounced atop intricate weavings of synths and samples, yet his signature drum breaks reign supreme. With more stringed instruments than *Up in Flames*, this toe-tapper feels a bit warmer and more organic.

Download: Yeti

#### Oneida - The Wedding (May 3)

Freaked-out psychedelic rock from Brooklyn's Oneida, balancing folk, post-rock, and psych-rock. Less drone, but still trance-inducing and weird. Loud and thick oddly-accessible psych-rock. Very prone to hyphenation.

Download: Lavender

#### Hot Hot Heat - Elevator (April 5)

*Makeup the Breakdown* came a bit too early and these Canadian boys missed their chance to be Franz Ferdinand. On *Elevator*, the group explores more instrumentation, but not much else. Catchy with sassier vocals. Look for it on TRL in a few months.

Download: Goodnight, Goodnight

#### The Books - Lost and Safe (April 5)

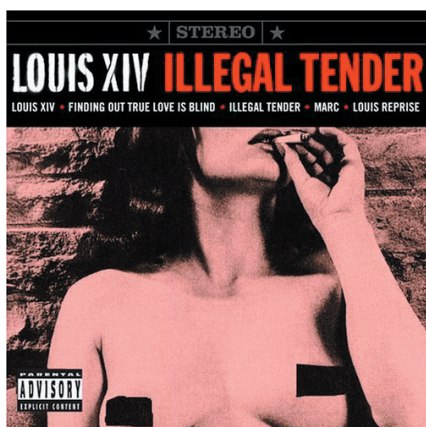
Books' latest relies more on digital trickery, homemade instruments, and the Pinback-esque vocals of guitarist Nick Zammuto than found sounds. As eclectic as *Lemon...* and *Thought...*, but with a stronger human presence. A spectacular collage of sounds, beats, chopped strings, etc.

Download: Be Good to Them Always

# \*Album Reviews

**Louis XIV, *Illegal Tender*- EP** (Pineapple Records)      (4/5)

Zach Tcheyan



**Reminds me of:** White Stripes, T. Rex, The Libertines, Buzzcocks

**Recommended for:** Everyone really, but guitarists should pay special attention.

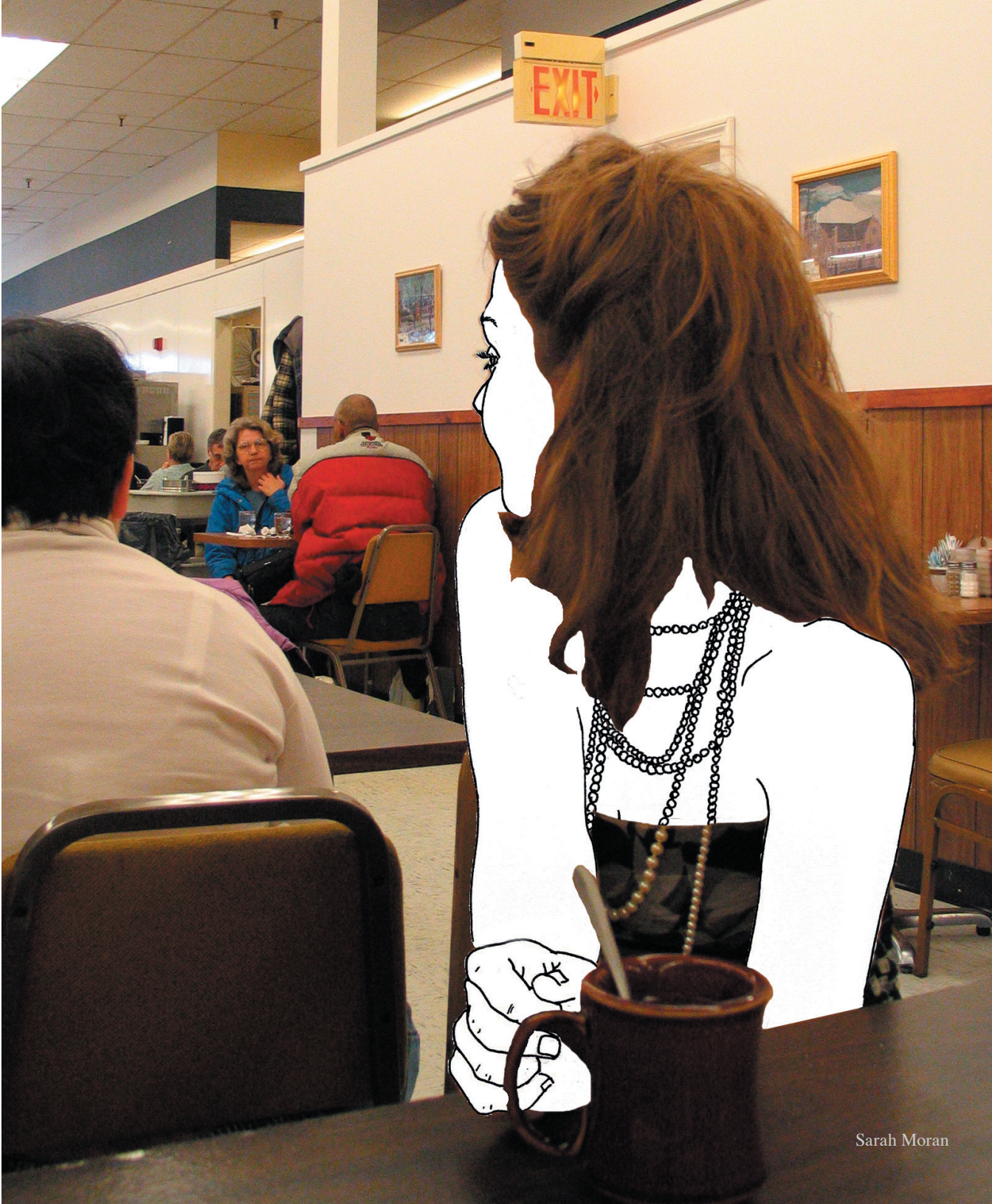
When the first lyric on an album is “Well I’m a weapon of mass destruction” and the chorus to that same song goes “Me, me, me, that’s all I really wanna talk about,” you better be able to back that shit up hardcore. (What does that mean?) California art-punks Louis XIV, named after possibly one of the most self indulgent and dangerous of French kings, is just as badass as every one of their lyrics suggests. They do not fuck around.

The first track, “Louis XIV” assaults the listener with old-fashioned circular-saw, garage rock guitar, and unrelenting, pelvis thumping, drums and bass while front-man Jason Hill’s masterful vocals cut through the mix and demand your utmost concentration. Lyrically, as well as melodically, he is self-involved and attention craving- half genius, half maniac. Being a self-absorbed rock star and regularly rhyming four to six syllable words while still sounding honest is no easy task. This being said, I realize that he is telling rather than asking when he says, “Who’s your daddy?” He is certainly the daddy. The song has charisma. You will visualize yourself performing it. Louis XIV has so much personality that you just can’t help but want to be around them more. And this is just what they intended, because as the EP continues, they get a little less brash and a little more personal. Who wants to be rejected when it starts to get personal?

Song number two, “Finding Out True Love is Blind” starts to show a little bit of Hill’s personal side. By this I mean that the song is all about the different types of girls he wants to fuck. The song starts out anxious and excited, and just as you start getting your nerve up to ask that special someone to a highly erotic dance, the song shows some heart. Guitars cut out, bass lays off, and guest vocalists Lindsay Troy takes control over both the song and Hill himself with a tempting “come hither” melody over a simple, personal, piano progression. When Hill’s brutally salacious vocals reenter, I realize that I am now torn between the verbal

// Continued on **page 10**









Ben Brennan

approach that Troy seems to favor with members of the opposite sex and the oral approach that Hill seems to desire. (Special side note on this one, the impromptu *a capella* section actually seems to work very well in the song. I can't help but sing along.)

"Illegal Tender," the third song on the EP, decides to do away with the more personal piano parts, and goes back to the guitar for its principal form of instrumentation. (At this point it is worth noting that every guitar riff that is on this album just flat out rocks. Bouncy, crisp, aggressive, but never sorry for itself, each and every riff is perfectly crafted.) Six syllable words that I don't know the definition of intertwine beautifully with blissful background moaning and an ideal dose of distortion. While Louis XIV has gone back to its initial brash and aggressive style, this song again speaks of love, both physical and emotional. Hill wanted to make "raw, overtly sexual rock songs,\*" and while that is certainly here, a small dose of emotion also happened to make it in. "Illegal Tender" seems to suggest that maybe he would hang around for breakfast. (Note: This is not to suggest that there is anything emo about any part of this EP or band. Were Louis XIV to encounter Conor Oberst, they would probably beat him up live at a show and feed him to a Komodo Dragon, which would be kinda cool. Nothing against Oberst.)

It is at this point in the EP when I sit back and say to myself, "This EP is all about sex, rock music, and being a badass motherfucker unafraid to show it. Now I have to decide whether to go out and try to get some ass by dancing like the cool rock star I want to be (who is starting to look more and more like Hill despite the fact he, as far as I can tell, is not very attractive), or do I want to keep listening?" Partially because I am a little bit of a recluse, and partially because I realize that drinking is bad for my liver, and partially because the OC has really gone downhill, I decide to keep listening. I am not let down.

Illegal Tender- EP ends with a surprise. "Marc," the last real song on the EP is a hipster's guilty, slow dancing, pleasure. You find yourself singing along even if you have never heard the track before. The tempo is a little slower, the guitar not as brutal, the vocals a little less confrontational. The piano makes you want to look out a window and gaze into the distance and think about something deep for a while. The song could really suck. It could be seen as the "radio song" that brings in the 13 year-olds. Fortunately though, it doesn't suck. It is, in fact, quite good. It makes you not only find Louis XIV very exciting, but also very real. They stay true to the punk in them and make sure that there is a healthy dose of "we don't fuck around," in each and every sound they make.

\*(<http://www.artistdirect.com/nad/music/artist/bio/0,,3144558,00.html>)

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Send submissions to [alee@bowdoin.edu](mailto:alee@bowdoin.edu)  
or SU box number 460A

This issue, along with back issues of Flip Your Shit, can be viewed at  
<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/wbor/zine.html>

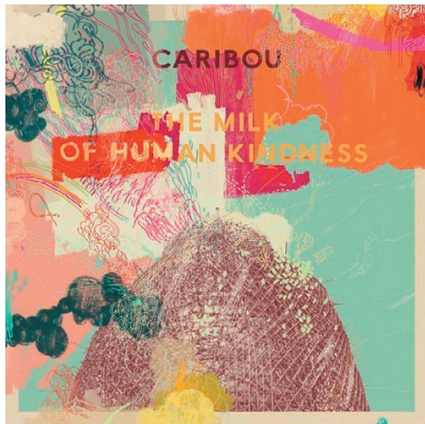


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## Caribou, *The Milk of Human Kindness* (Domino) (4/5)

Adam Paltrineri

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In 2002, Dan Snaith (who is Caribou, formerly Manitoba) recorded *Up in Flames*, which was as mystifying as any album in recent memory. Snaith, an established IDM artist, jettisoned the constraints of laptronica to take up residence in the orbit of Saturn, equipped with nothing but Syd Barrett's vinyl collection, a nice pair of headphones, and plenty of LSD. When he returned the next year, he mumbled something about crayons, handed us *Up in Flames*, and then ran off to get a PhD in Pure Maths. Like it was going to be that easy.

*Up in Flames* was massive. It was organic-electronic-psychedelic-but-wait-there's-more. It took a person four days of straight listening to dissect a 13-second section of "Crayon," the album's

most "straightforward" track. Dan Snaith had given us a new definition for electronic music, one which strangely enough employed few (if any) strictly electronic elements. So what to do next? Hide in a cave, rub two sticks together, and hope for cold fusion.

Unfortunately, that was not quite the path that Snaith decided to take, although I wouldn't be surprised if he had succeeded with the stick thing. *The Milk of Human Kindness*, released April 19th on Domino Records, is as breathtaking as *Up in Flames* but in a decidedly more restrained way. And restraint is the key word here. On *Up in Flames*, layers upon layers of vocal harmonies, organic samples, and atmospheric soundscapes combined to give the listener a glimpse of the stratosphere, whereas Caribou keeps it on the ground throughout (most of) Milk.... There are some quasi-orgasmic moments of bliss similar to the best spaced-out-junk-funk of *Up in Flames*, but they are subtler and less predictably arranged this time around. "Hello Hammerheads" and "Pelican Narrows" are Snaith's most subdued tracks to date- careful guitar-picking and piano acrobatics replacing the sounds of stoned angels firing crossbows at the sun. "Lord Leopard" finds Snaith getting down with Bach while engaging in a breakbeat dance-off somewhere in Calcutta. Glorious excess was the rule on *Up in Flames*, but on Milk..., Caribou finds a much more focused balance between full blown space-psych and soothing indietronica.

So how does Milk... stack up against its predecessor? Surprisingly well, actually. The same currents of distressed schizophrenia which dominated *Up in Flames* are still here, pounding out dance music for the Indie Kids Who Hate Dancing. The murky side of Snaith's space journey surfaces for the first time on this album, giving us a glimpse of a more reflective mad-scientist-genius-recluse. Major complaint? The unfortunate misstep "Hands First," an annoying bit of glitchy noise which derails much of the album's momentum about midway through. But still, *The Milk of Human Kindness* triumphs with the alternation of indulgent complexity and calculated moderation. *Up in Flames* just kept pouring gasoline on the fire as we watched our own brilliant effigy burn. I like burning effigies as much as the next guy, but something tells me Dan Snaith may be on to something by using blowtorches rather than bonfires.

## Second Breakfast, *Second Breakfast* (3/5)

Alice Lee



Dee (vocals), Austin Cohen (keyboard/saxophone/vocals), and David Cordes (bass). In August of this past summer, after deciding to change their name to Second Breakfast, the band recorded a full-length CD at Estate Recording Studios in New Jersey.

The self-titled album contains all original songs which range from rock to funk, to blues, while maintaining a smooth, upbeat, singable groove. For a first album, it is incredibly coherent. Every song follows well into the next, resulting from a style that is consistent enough to establish a comfortable flow. While some bands sacrifice diversity in order to create a cohesive album, Second Breakfast has in no way done this. Each song is unique, and draws upon different musical influences, yet fits into the overall theme of the album. They have struck the delicate balance

// Continued on **page 14**

**Reminds me of:** Los Lobos, Moe

Remember Pinestock? In particular, the Pinestock that occurred during Ivie's Weekend last year. If you don't, I'm sure you're not alone, but if you do, you'll remember that there was live music. The band that played, then known as Connecticut Breakdown, did not fade away with the passing of Pinestock, instead, they decided to get serious. Connecticut Breakdown, now known as Second Breakfast consists of Bowdoin students Eric Davich (vocals/guitar) and Dan Wilson (drums), well known on campus for their other band, The Jim Weeks Philharmonic, as well as Liz

### The Turning of Hector

Nikolai Von Keller

As sacrificial diamonds

lose body for facets,

and give up the Earth's molten cathedrals  
to be laid to rest on the pale fields

of a young girl's neck.

As a bathing couple reveals

their house-fire scars,

amber patterns like shattered glass  
or tea-stained maps –

the broken lightning of their backs.

So Hector turned to face Achilles,

Achilles radiant and eager to teach him  
that flesh was the perfection of violence.

that some bands struggle with for years.

Musically, Second Breakfast is very talented, incorporating a variety of instruments and genres into each song. Davich, who acts as lead singer for the majority of the time, has a voice that works incredibly well with the band's sound. Liz Dee, the other main vocalist, sings backup to Davich's lead, as well as lead on a few songs. Her voice complements Davich well on backup, creating a fuller sound and providing multiple harmonies. The songs on which she sings lead, particularly "I'm Afraid to Talk to You," are not as strong as the rest of the album because her voice is not as well suited to the music.

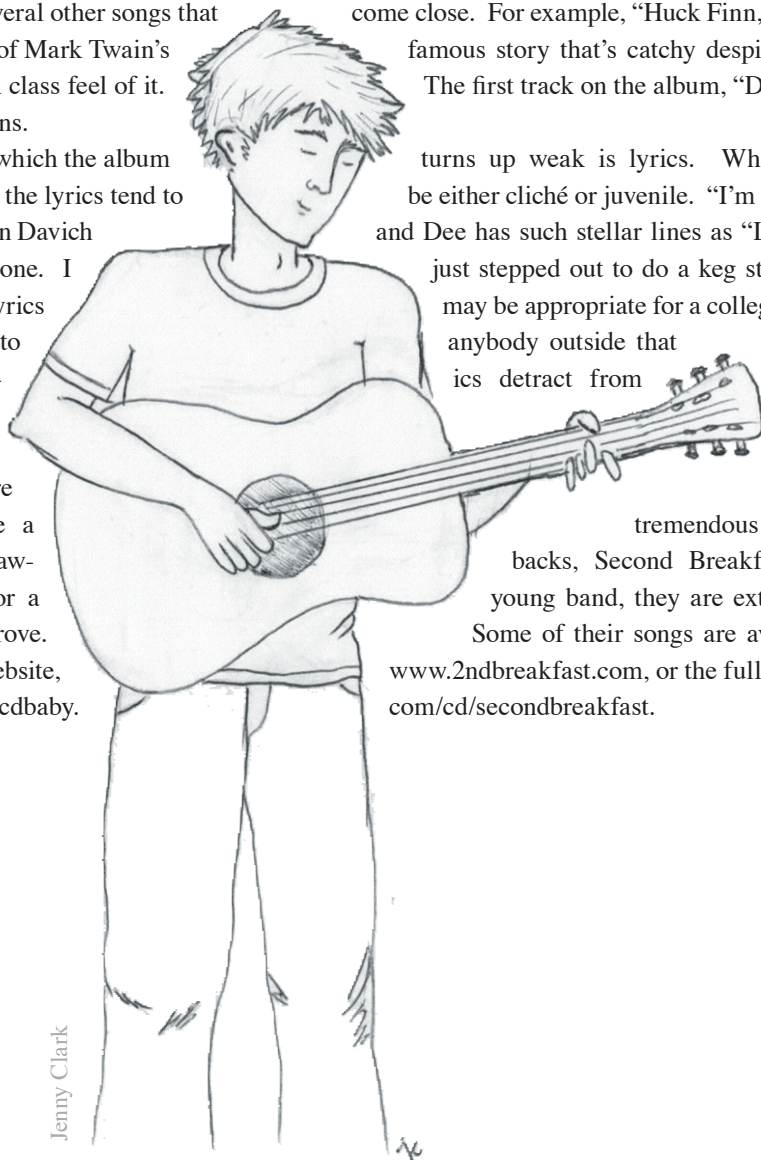
By far, my favorite song on the album is track 5, "It's All Right," because it's very easy to sing along to, but they have several other songs that come close. For example, "Huck Finn," is a playful, yet analytical retelling of Mark Twain's famous story that's catchy despite the somewhat high school English class feel of it. The first track on the album, "Daydream" is also worth a couple listens.

The one area in which the album original and catchy, the lyrics tend to suddenly you're gone. I lawn." While the lyrics wouldn't appeal to some cases, the lyr- the extent that quality of the tion is lost. More lyrics would make a

Despite some draw- worth a listen. For a and can only improve. to on their website, sale at [www.cdbaby.com](http://www.cdbaby.com).

turns up weak is lyrics. While the music is be either cliché or juvenile. "I'm Afraid to Talk to and Dee has such stellar lines as "Look around and just stepped out to do a keg stand on the front may be appropriate for a college audience, they anybody outside that atmosphere. In ics detract from the music to the technical instrumenta- original, poetic tremendous difference.

backs, Second Breakfast is definitely young band, they are extremely talented, Some of their songs are available to listen [www.2ndbreakfast.com](http://www.2ndbreakfast.com), or the full-length CD is for [com/cd/secondbreakfast](http://com/cd/secondbreakfast).





# \*Concert Reviews

## THE DRESDEN DOLLS

Kerry Ellson

The night the Pats won the Superbowl, a crowd that couldn't have cared less about football funneled into Portland's Space Gallery to worship their musical idols. Anti-folk/jazz singer Regina Spektor and "cabaret punk" duo The Dresden Dolls didn't disappoint. If the rest of the audience felt the way I did—and I'm pretty sure they did, given how we all spilled onto the stage with slack-jawed adoration—the double bill was probably more exciting than the Big Game had ever been.

I think my own enthusiasm for the Dolls was on the lower end of the fan-dom scale, just from the looks of the crowd seeing as a good part of it was dressed up in Dolls-inspired gear. The Dolls are a theatrical pair, both in their passionate performance style and their sort of Edward Gorey-meets-Weimar Germany cabaret costumes, and their aesthetic dominated the venue that night. Having been on their mailing list for about a year, I knew that they encouraged fans to dress up and "make mayhem" at shows.

As I, a theater nerd, had hoped, there were plenty in masquerade. Right by the entrance was a pair in bodysuits and some strategically-placed grape leaves, stiffly returning the gaze of concert-goers. Just beside them was a young woman painted white, holding a frilly white parasol, a cup of red paint, and a sign that invited us to "Paint the Lady." Others, in black suits, ghostly-white foundation, and black lipstick, were actually costumed as the Dolls themselves, Amanda Palmer and Brian Viglione.

After a short set by Portland-based openers The Funeral, Regina Spektor flounced onstage like a little Russian woodsprite, wearing a t-shirt, jeans, a petticoat, and bright red lipstick. She immediately hit the keyboard to rush through "Carbon Monoxide" and "Poor Little Rich Boy," two songs from her album *Soviet Kitsch*, available online since September but to be officially released on March 1st. She then charmed the crowd for the next forty-five minutes, shyly grinning after each song, thanking us for our attention, and even asking us at one point if she had lipstick all over her face ("You guys would tell me, right?"). She might have been a little too precious for some, but the girl's got pipes! I was in love.

My concert companions and I were all set to leave after Spektor's set—it was a *school* night, after all—but as soon as the Dolls came on, we knew we had to stay. What ensued was probably one of the best musical performances I have ever seen. Truth be told, I haven't been to that many concerts, but I don't imagine that they usually leave one speechless. Viglione on drums, and Palmer on piano and anguished, wailing vocals, injected cackling, carnal energy into every song, pummeling their instruments and maintaining eye-contact for the majority of the show. They were dripping by the end, hair undone, vocal chords exhausted. I wanted to follow the Dolls on their European Tour—who knows what kind of gothic chaos would break out when they played in Dresden, Germany.

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## Medeski, Martin, and Wood - 2/24/05, Boston MA

by George Schlesinger

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After arriving inside the Avalon, I felt the mellow vibe tune my mind to the relaxation station. The opening band, Tarantula, was very dark with a John Cale-esque, viola sound. After catching the end of their set, I waited in anticipation for MMW to come on. The crowd and ambiance were different than I had expected; although the dreadlocked hippies from the jamband scene were in attendance, they were far outnumbered by gin-and-tonic swillin' yuppies. Regardless of labels, everyone was groovin' to the hip-hop and funky jazz house music as the boys came onto the stage.

As usual, the trio started the show with improvisation. Although at first cacophonous, Billy Martin, the drummer, soon laid down a bumpin' groove that made everyone in the crowd start dancing; Chris Wood, the bassist, was thumpin' away at his upright bass, moving up and down the neck in a snake-like fashion; finally, John Medeski, the center-piece of the trio, started making spacy sounds from his synthesizer with his left hand, while his right hand was playing a solid funk groove on his clavinet. Incredible independence and dexterity!

The semblance of "Reflector," a track off the band's new album, *End of the World Party (Just in Case)* was introduced, and I knew the funk would flow like wine, as Medeski's sweet sounding Hammond B-3 organ rippled through the speakers. In the middle of the jam, the bass and organ faded out, allowing Billy Martin (nickname Illy-B) to take a solo. His grooves were so tight, and he was rockin' out with cowbells, xylophones, and zithers.

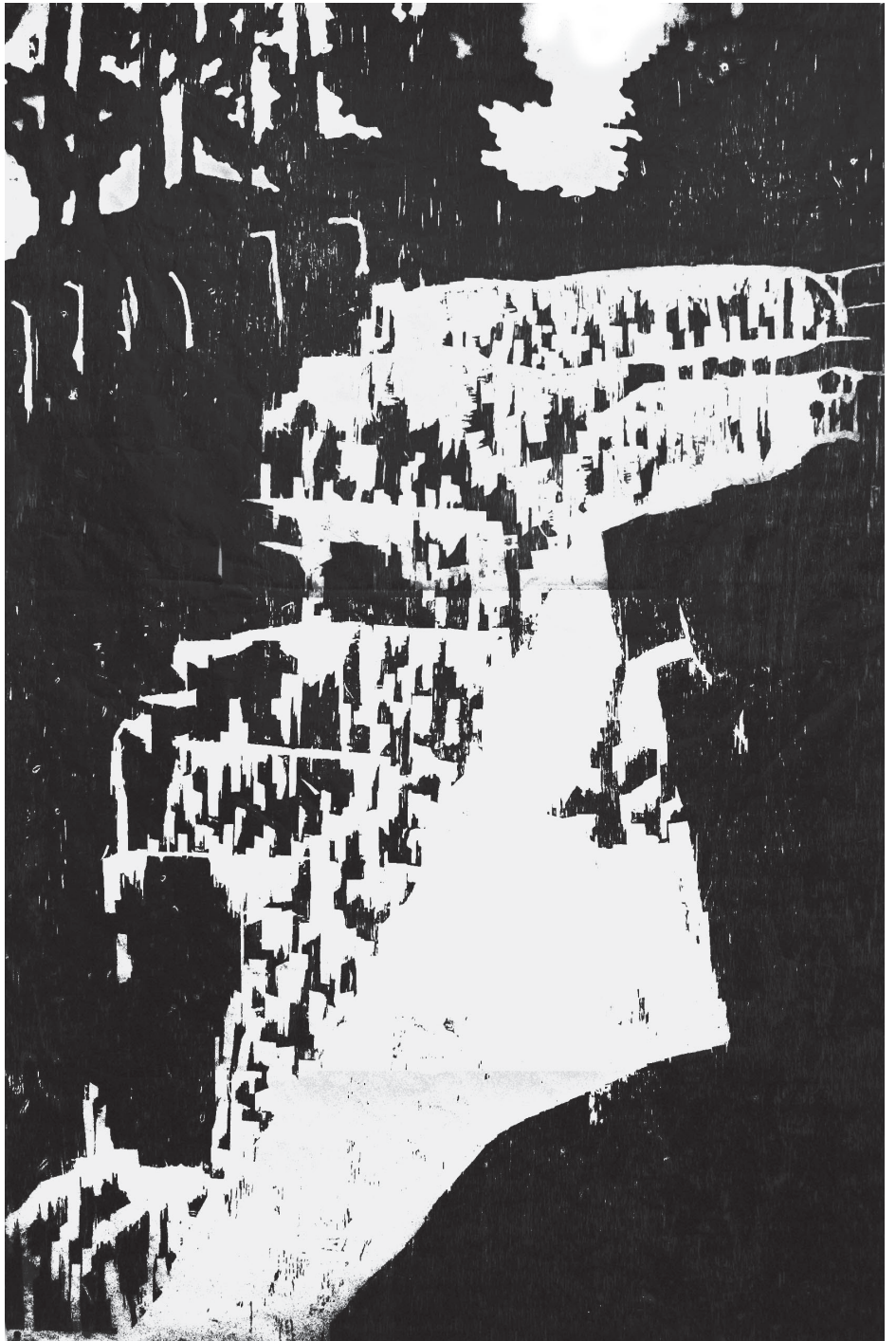
After a new, unnamed song, the trio segued into "Who the Fuçk?" and then seamlessly transitioned into "Curtis," another new tune. This song has a quintessentially MMW infectious hook, with Medeski slamming away at the keys, as everyone nearly broke their necks to the vibrant rhythms.

Next, it was Chris Wood's turn to solo on his nasty upright bass. After jamming out "Anonymous Skulls," the opening track on *End of the World Party*, he took the spotlight as he plucked out some intense bass bombs. At one point, he totally freaked out and was going absolutely apeshit. His facial expressions exuded his intensity.

For me, the highlight of the show was "Paris," an unrecorded gem that features Latin percussion and Spanish scat singing by Billy. Although the namesake is an oddity, considering the salsa ethos, the song was incredible. It had a "Girl from Ipanima" type flavor, and I was really diggin' it. Illy-B was really spicing it up with his drum-work as well, hitting the metal of his drums to create a very interesting sound.

"End of the World Party," the title track, closed the show; it was extremely high energy and it emanated into copious amounts of frenetic dancing. What a way to end a show. After leaving the stage, the trio came back with "Queen Bee," a tune with organ work that sounds very reminiscent of Ray Manzarek from The Doors. With a repetitive hook, the band took the groove and improvised with great textures and communication.

Entering out into the snowy Boston streets, I was in awe of the virtuosity of these three fine Jazz musicians. It was my first show, and it most certainly won't be my last.



Samantha Smith

CONCERT CALENDER

April						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		March 29	March 30	March 31	1	2
		Lyrics Born (Space)	Lyrics Born (Middle East)	OK Go (TT's)	Apollo Sunshine/Lot Six (Middle East) Radio 4 (Paradise) Ray Lamontagne (Avalon)	Oneida (Space)
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
The Psychadelic Furs (Paradise)	Maroon 5 (Mullins Center)	O.A.R (Whittemore Center Arena)	Jedi Mind Tricks (Middle East)	Sole (Middle East) Bowling for Soup, American Hi-Fi (Avalon)		Sole (Space)
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
The Kills (Paradise)		Of Montreal (TT's) M83 (Paradise) Angles of Light (Great Scotts) ...Trail of Dead (Axis)	Supervain (Middle East) Of Montreal (Iron Horse) Gift of Gab (Pearl St.)	Gift of Gab (Middle East)		Addison Groove Project (Pearl St.) Moby, Buck 65 (Avalon)
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Garbage (Avalon) Matt Sweeney/Will Oldham (Museum of Fine Arts)			Matt Sweeney (Iron Horse)	Fat Day (Middle East)		Motley Crue (Cumberland County CC) Mudhoney (Middle East)
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	Louis XIV (Middle East)	Dizzee Rascal (Middle East) The Books (Iron Horse)	Flickerstick (Middle East)	Green Day (Cumberland County CC)	Clem Snide, Bon Savants (Middle East) Green Day (Verizon Wireless Center)	Green Day (Mullins Center) The Books (Museum of Fine Arts)

May						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	Death From Above, 1979 (Middle East) Manitoba (Iron Horse)	Velvet Revolver (Mullins Center)	Prefuse 73 (Paradise)	Supersuckers (Middle East) Soulive(Paradise) Prefuse 73 (Pearl St.) Paranoid Social Club (Iron Horse)		
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	Autechre (Paradise)	Sting (Cumberland County CC)	Crystal Method (Axis)			Ben Folds (Avalon)
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	British Sea Power (Middle East)	Animal Collective, Ariel Pink (Middle East)	Akimbo (Middle East)		Sarah McLachlan (Cumberland County CC)	Action Action (Pearl St.) Snow Patrol (Avalon)
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		U2 (Fleet Center) The Decemberists (The Asylum)	The Decemberists (Avalon)	U2 (Fleet Center)		
29	30	31				

Coming soon: Oasis and Jet (Tweeter Center) Friday, June 4th; Autolux and The Raveonettes (Paradise Rock Club) Thursday, June 2



<b>Portland:</b> + The Big Easy 55 Market St.  + The State Theater 609 Congress St. www.liveatthestate.com  + Space Gallery 538 Congress St. www.space538.org	<b>Boston:</b> + The Middle East 472 Mass. Ave., www.mideastclub.com  + The Avalon 5 Lansdowne St. 617-262-2424  + The Orpheum 1 Hamilton Place 617-482-0650	+ Paradise Rock Club 967 Commonwealth Ave www.thedise.com  + TT the Bear's 10 Brookline St., Cambridge www.ttthebears.com  <b>Other:</b> + Worcester Centrum Centre 50 Foster St., Worcester, MA. 508-755-6800
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